

This booklet is the translation of a long letter, which Alfred Cohn wrote to a friend in Germany. It was translated by his wife, Adah.

I was born in April 1921, the son of a rich grain merchant. He had been wounded in the First World War and as a result he was partly deaf. In the inflation of 1924 or 1925 he lost his total property. With the help of relatives he opened a tobacco store in Essen in 1927. It was not easy to earn a living that way. We moved to Essen in 1929. I went to the Jewish elementary school and after Helmholtz secondary school. Our financial situation was very bad and my sister and I received part of our school fees from the Essen municipality.

In school I had many friends who also came to our house. One thing I cannot forget. It happened in 1933 or 1934 when the Nazi government ruled. I had a good friend, Hans Schmitt. He was the son of a factory worker. After Julius Streicher (an anti-Semitic journalist) wrote about ritual murder by the Jews and it was read by Hans, he told me that he had not expected that from us. That were the last words we spoke together. These are small matters, but unforgettable.

The director of our school, Mr. Loescher, was a great anti-Semite. He was the first teacher in Germany, who already in April 1933 checked the school library for books written by Jews and those were burnt in the schoolyard. The pupils were present and had to sing a Nazi song. This also I will never forget.

The director could not throw me out of school, because my father had been at the front in the First World War. However, there were also other teachers. One of them was Mr. Hoelscher, the Latin teacher. When, in class formation, the pupils had to collect money for Germans abroad. I had to participate, just as the other pupils. He wanted me to feel part of the class. This also I will never forget.

We had different teachers too, for example Mr. Schiller. He had been a member of the Nazi party, long before 1933. He came to our class for the first time and it was known that he threw the Jewish pupils out of the class. He always found some reason for it. One of the pupils, Klaus Henrich, was a member of the Hitler Youth. He had a bent nose

and sat exactly in front of me. After a few minutes, Klaus Henrich with his bent nose was thrown out of the class, instead of Alfred Cohn. Mistakes can happen.

I remained in this school until 1937. The boys had to become members of the Hitler Jugend (Hitler's Youth), were indoctrinated and turned more and more into Nazi's. Of course they also turned out to be more and more anti-Jewish. I think if I had not been a Jew, I would have gone the same way and who knows what I would have done later, maybe I would have gone in the S.S.

At the end of the third year I had to leave the school. I became an apprentice in a Jewish old iron enterprise, but after a year I was dismissed, because the firm was taken over by German Aries. This happened in June 1938. At the same time my father died of pneumonia, He was 57 years old.

After that I was accepted at the Jewish agricultural school for emigrants, named Gross Breesen near Breslau. Emigration was encouraged to Brazil, Argentine or the U.S.A., only not to Palestine to

build a Jewish state. For many years I had been a member of the Organization of German-Jewish Youth - Jews who felt like Germans. At that time we believed that by working in agriculture the Jewish problem would be solved. It proved to be a completely negative idea.

On the night of November 10, 1938, the Night of the Broken Glass, (Kristall Nacht), nearby farmers came together with the glass cutter, broke all the windows, (which the glass cutter later on, repaired for much money), and stole everything worthwhile. The police and the Nazi S.A. came, arrested the teachers and the students over 18 and sent them to the Buchenwald concentration camp. They were set free after a month on the condition to emigrate within a month.

I was 17 years old and I tried, with the help of relatives in Holland, to be accepted there in a Jewish agricultural school to continue my training. In April 1939 I came to Werkdorp Wieringen and I learned there very well to milk and to take care of cows. In the meantime my sister got a permit and a visa for

England and became a nurse there. At the time my mother worked as a teacher of handicrafts at the Jewish school in Essen. She received a permit to England on August 31, 1939, but didn't get a visa anymore, because the war broke out on September 1. On November 10, 1941 she was deported to Minsk in Poland and we never heard of her again.

Holland was occupied by Germany on May 10, 1940. We stayed practically undisturbed in Wieringen till September 1941. Suddenly one day Ranter, a high ranking Nazi officer, arrived with four buses and some SS officers to evacuate the people of the Werkdorp to Amsterdam. After a long discussion with the non-Jewish leaders of the school the Germans allowed for sixty trained students to stay to care for the animals until the place would be taken over by others. I belonged to the sixty. After six weeks we were allowed to work on farms in North Holland and did not have to move to Amsterdam.

A short time later Aus Der Fuenten, the German commander of Amsterdam, asked the Jewish

Council for the addresses of our boys in Amsterdam. He claimed that the evacuation of the Werkdorp had been a mistake and the Germans wanted to bring the people back to Wieringen. The next day the boys were collected and sent to Mauthausen (a concentration camp in Austria). None of them survived.

I worked for more than half a year on a farm in North Holland. Then the Germans declared North Holland to be free of Jews. We were allowed to work for farmers in Gelderland, in the East of the country. I had to live in a Jewish home, because the farmer's wife and her sister were younger than 45. (According to German- Nazi laws Jews could not live in the same house with non-Jewish women, younger than 45). With both the farmers' families, their children and grandchildren, we still have very friendly connections.

In January 1943 the whole country had to be free of Jews. Most people were sent to the concentration camp in Vught (in the south of the country), but we, farmers' helpers, were allowed to go to Amsterdam.

There I first worked in the vegetable garden of the Jewish Council and later as assistant to help Jews who were caught by the Germans and concentrated in a theatre. I was caught by the Germans in June and sent to Westerbork, a camp for Jews, from there to Auschwitz on September 21, 1943. I was pretty sure that they needed us for work.

We were allowed to take a suitcase with clothes and were then packed in a cattle wagon with 40 people. This is unimaginable: Young people, people older than 80, women with babies and children, no chairs and a big container instead of a toilette. In the neighborhood of Hamburg, where the train stopped, somebody asked us: "Who are you?" "We are Jews from Holland and we don't know where we are going to." The German answered: "That is not good." After three days we arrived in Auschwitz. The doors were opened. "Get out, get out, get out. Leave your luggage, it will be brought to you," I am still waiting for my bags. At the station platform, we had to arrange ourselves in six rows. A friendly looking SS officer stood on the side and gave us a sign where to go to: old men, old women, women with small



children, children under 16, and invalids to the right side, young men, young women and twin children to the left. The friendly officer, I think he was Dr. Mengele, said: "You have to walk, for about 10 km. Those for whom that is too much can go to the right side and will then, together with the other people, be brought by bus to the camp". Some people did so and went straight to the gas. I was glad that I could walk: after three days in the train wagon. In our transport had been 3,000 people of which 250 men and 50 women had been on the left side. We marched off and in five minutes we were in the main part of Auschwitz. We passed some previous Polish military lodges on the way to the bathing shed. "Quickly, quickly, put your clothes on the benches." Then our hair was shaven, a number was printed on our left arm and we showered. We became tattered clothes and were brought to the office. There our personal information and the addresses of relatives or friends were registered, who would be informed in case we got seriously sick. In the meantime the evening fell, we were put in a lorry and drove 6 km, to an auxiliary camp Monowitz, also called Buna. Here was the building of a factory, called Buna, for

the production of synthetic rubber, in process. We had to get off in front of a big circus tent, which was to be our living quarters and quarantine for three months. We slept there in beds, arranged three high, two in a bed with one blanket. It was very cold (October, November, December). In the morning we had to wash our heads thoroughly, which was checked before breakfast. After that we got breakfast, about 200 gr. bread, a piece of blood sausage and some pseudo-coffee in our plate. For some time I got a piece of blood sausage from a very religious Jew, who couldn't accept eating that kind of sausage. After breakfast we had to stand rigidly arranged, (called Appelle) and then we marched to our work, passing the camp tower, where a small orchestra was playing.

We had to dig deep trenches for the walls to be built for a factory. The work was very difficult and the Kapo, a German criminal who instead of being in prison became our supervisor, pushed us continuously to work harder and harder. He did not mind to hit us. At 12 o'clock we had a twenty-minute intermission and we got soup, the Buna soup, hot

water in which some turnips were cooked. Then again to work. Late in the afternoon, just before dark, we marched back to the camp and stood again on Appelle. We had to carry back the corpses of people who had died during the work or had died from being hit by the Kapo. It was important that at our counting the number was the same as in the morning, never mind dead or alive. We were counted over and over again until the final number was related to the camp administration. We were set free and could go to our barracks. For the evening meal we got again soup. Not that it satisfied our hunger, but this time it was better from what we got at noon.

A person from Berlin took care of our tent. He was a political prisoner, who had first been at Buchenwald. I asked him whether he knew Benno Kautzky. Oh yes, he is also here, in Block 5. Kautzky had been a political prisoner since the occupation of Austria by the Germans. He was the son of Karl Kautzky, a leading social democrat. Beano's wife and his two daughters lived in Holland. She had once given a lecture to us in Wieringen. I

could tell him about his family, whom he had not seen since, 1938. Later on he helped me to get better work. That helped me to survive. When I had asked our tent caretaker, Arthur Poznanski, where I could find Kautzky he replied: "You come from a Dutch transport. I have a brother in the Werkdorp, Dov Poznanski "maybe you know something about him". I answered: "Sure, we were together and friends. He was brought by the Westerweel group (a resistance group) to Spain and may be already in Palestine". Arthur worked later in the hospital. He helped me all the time and later on saved my life.

Sometime later we were transferred to barracks and Kautzky could help me to get lighter work. I became an office worker, so that for some time I didn't have to do physical work and I could become stronger again. When I came to the camp in September 1943 I had registered as an electric welder. I had learned that in Essen in a course of six weeks. I had considered it to be better to be in the work camp as a registered trained person. In general that was true. One day I was sent to repair something with an electric welding apparatus. I had

bad luck. The electrode was caught at the iron piece I had to repair and I could not release it. The machine began to burn. My supervisor came, hit me terribly and called me saboteur. I was transferred to a punishment group. We had to load coal and move the wagons quickly. There I fainted, was hit again and was halfway dead taken to the Appelle.

After the Appelle, I was brought to the hospital. Luckily Arthur Posnansky worked there in the office. He took care of me, spoke with the doctors and brought me some extra food every day, so that I got my strength back. He also took care that I got light work and I came in the camp drawing department. There I sat at a table and with patterns I painted prisoners' numbers on little pieces of material, of which two were sewn on each suit, one in front on the jacket and one on the side of the pants. The numbers were used instead of names. I was called 151896. That is the number which is tattooed on my arm.

It was really easy work and we also got extra food. How was that possible? The Kapo of the camp

drawing department was Kurt von der Walden, a real artist. I knew him from my home. He had decorated the show windows of my father's tobacco store. In camp he drew painted postcards for all kinds of festive occasions, such as birthdays, Christmas and Easter. The Kapos, professional criminals took these cards to send to relatives and friends and paid for them with bread, sausage and cigarettes. Kurt shared the food with us, four participants. In This way I got enough to eat for a certain period and my health improved.

In the meantime it came closer to Christmas 1944 and the New Year 1945. The Russians advanced and moved closer to Auschwitz. It was decided to evaluate the camp, which was a great advantage for the SS people, because they had to continue to guard us and didn't have to go to the front. The evacuation took place in the beginning of January. Each one of us was allowed to take a blanket and had to take something else, for example a pail or a broom, so that nothing that could be of use to the war would fall in Russian hands. We got a portion of bread and were warned to be careful with it, because

it was not clear when we would get bread again. The sick that could not walk stayed in the hospital.

We were about 10,000 people and marched in the snow to Gleiwitz. Who couldn't walk anymore and sat down was shot by SS people who walked at the end of the line. Many people were too weak to continue. I walked together with the people of the drawing department. When one of us could not continue to go two others helped him till he improved. We all five overcame the march. We arrived in Gleiwitz and there we were loaded in open cattle wagons. It was very cold and many people froze to death. We drove through Tszechoslovakia and Austria to Germany. In Tszechoslovakia people threw bread in the wagons, in Germany nothing. Each morning we had to transfer the dead to a wagon which was soon overloaded. In Austria I heard somebody saying in his nice voice; "They have also frozen meat," We came to Mauthausen in Austria where luckily there was no room for us. Also in Dachau there was no room so we continued. We remained one night in Buchenwald. We slept there in the snow and continued the next morning to the camp Dora Mittelbau. We were there in a big room. Everyone had diarrhea

from the extreme cold. After a few days we were divided to other camps, not far from Dora. I came to Osterode in the Harz. We lived in a small camp and we were brought to a mountain where we had to dig a gallery for a factory for V-2 rockets, which would be shot to England. In camp the following happened to me: All people had diarrhea from the cold and of course there were not enough toilets. What happened was that people could not keep themselves and made the floor dirty. At Appelle the camp commandant yelled at us what dirty pigs we were. Later I asked permission to see him and I explained him that we had had a terrible journey in the cold. People didn't do this on purpose; it happened because they couldn't contain themselves anymore. The commandant accepted the argument. From the conversation it was clear to me that he was not fanatical.

The next day we were brought to the galleries. I worked there with a spade. A German civilian worker, an electrician, named Pittlik, heard me speak with another prisoner. He recognized my accent and asked me: "Where do you come from?" I answered: "From Mulheim-Ruhr." "Why, I am from



Oberhausen. What did you do that you are punished?" "Nothing, I am a Jew." That he couldn't understand; that a person was punished because he was a Jew. He told me that he had also been in prison for several years, however because of theft. Any way, it didn't make any difference why I was punished. The important point was that we were countrymen and he would help me. He asked me where we had lived in Mulheim. I told him the address. "Oh, that is next to the sewing school; my brother in law worked there" .He took care of it that I became his assistant. I worked with him, it was not difficult and once in a while he gave me also something to eat.

After some time he had to go to Oberhausen to evacuate his wife, because of the continual English and American bomb attacks. I asked him if he could contact a befriended, non-Jewish family, the family Klusmann. Mrs. Klusmann had been a school friend of my mother in Offenbach and they both lived in Mulheim. The next day Mr. Klusmann visited Mr. Pittlik and brought him clothes, a coat and food for me. Mr. Pittlik brought me everything except for the

clothes, for which there had been no room in his suitcase. The coat I wore when I escaped; because of it I was less obvious.

Another civilian worker gave me once a piece of bread and told me that he had been a prisoner in France during the First World War. He knew what it meant to be a prisoner. I cannot forget that. There also were people who had feelings for others. At the beginning of April 1945 the Americans came closer to the Harz, so we were again evacuated. The V-2 factory was never completed. We were again loaded on open wagons, I with my black coat instead of a striped one. After a short time we reached Tsjechoslovakia. We didn't get any food anymore. Via Prague we arrived in Pilsen, where we had to clean the Skoda factory, which had been bombed. Now we were watched by a soldier. He begged for bread for us from the local people. The Tsjechs also threw often bread in the wagons.

Our guard, the soldier, told us that he had also been in Dora and had been buried during a bombardment. One of the prisoners had dug him

out and saved his life. To repay the prisoner he again begged for bread for us and distributed it as well as he could. I got a pretty big piece, while my neighbor, who sat next to me, didn't receive anything. He asked me for a little piece. I thought that when I would give him some, I would be a little bit more hungry, but that didn't make much difference. He was very grateful. The next morning we got permission to get out of the wagons for our needs. Instead my neighbor ran to a large warehouse and returned with a bag of potatoes. "Alfred, yesterday you gave me bread. You can take as many potatoes as you wish." I cut the potatoes and put them on the side of a heated stove which stood in our wagon and in this way cooked them. This was the first time that I was satiated. Suddenly our train was shot at by English planes and the locomotive was demolished. We waited and got a much smaller locomotive. This one was too small to pull the whole train up the mountains. We were ordered that the people in the last three wagons had to leave them and enter in one of the others. Somehow I had the feeling that here I had the occasion to escape. I stayed in the wagon and hid under the straw.

Nobody came to check whether the wagon was empty. At the next station the last three wagons were released and I stayed alone.

As yet I remained a few hours in the wagon and early in the morning I got out to go to the village. A Tsjechian policeman stopped me. First we had to know what language to use. I asked him if he knew English or Dutch, but he knew German. I told him the truth that I had escaped from a German concentration camp train which was passing on its way to Germany. He did not say anything, went away and let me go.

Then I passed a hair dresser's store and I wanted to get a shave. I looked terrible, but it was still too early in the morning and the store was closed. I walked on and passers-by warned me to be careful, there was a policeman going around. Of course they didn't know that I had already met him and that he was an outstanding human being. I walked on till the end of the village and rang the bell at a farm house. The inhabitants let me come in. They spoke German and gave me to eat, bread and coffee. They

were very, very nice. I asked if I could stay with them. No that was impossible; they had German soldiers in the house, which would come back in the afternoon. I suggested that I would now go in the forest and whether in the evening they could forget to lock the shed, I would be able to sleep there. They agreed to that. I came back in the evening. The farmer's son was waiting for me at the door of the shed with a plate of food. He showed me where I had to go out for my needs, so that the Germans wouldn't see me. In the morning the father brought me food and told me that I could go in the cow barn; it was warmer there and the Germans were gone. A short time later we heard how the German soldiers, 15, 16 years old, blew up their anti-tank weapons. A few hours later two men appeared suddenly, dressed in German soldier's uniforms, but without the Nazi symbol. They proved to be two Russian war prisoners, who had survived the bombing of Dresden. The next day American troops of the Fourth Army marched into the next village and I was free.

The farm family reacted in the following way: they

gave me a container with hot water, so that I could wash myself thoroughly, and gave me other clothes. I asked them also for another pair of underpants, so that all my prison clothes, which were full of lice, could be burned. I can't say how I felt then, clean and without lice.

After that I went on foot to the next village where the American soldiers were staying. I spoke to a soldier and he asked me where I came from and I told him that I had escaped from a concentration camp and that originally I had come from Germany. He answered that here in the army they had a Jewish doctor and he brought me to him. In that way I made acquaintance with Dr. Papier and he with me. He was especially nice, heard my story and at the end he gave me a few rations, including cigarettes. When I returned to the farm in the evening I gave the cigarettes to the farmer. He was very happy with them as he had not had them for a long time and I was even happier for having had the opportunity to reciprocate for the help he had given me.

The next day the farmer took me into the village

and transferred me to the Czech commander of the Liberation Committee. He gave an order to place me in the hospital for the German soldiers, who were now prisoners of war and were still treated by German doctors. Luckily I knew what I could eat or to put it more clearly, I knew what I should not eat, because after a long hunger period fat is like poison. Two former concentration camp prisoners received too heavy food, became very sick and probably died. I asked the German doctor how he could allow for such a thing to happen. He answered that that was what they had to do, otherwise people would complain that they did not get enough to eat. When I heard that I was really upset and I wondered how an officer and doctor could act so unprofessionally. Out of fear or wickedness he had let two young people, who had experienced so much, die. This is close to murder.

A week later the Russians replaced the Americans in this and several other villages. An ambulance took me to the American zone in Germany. I tried to return to Holland as soon as possible and passed through several displaced persons camps. After

three weeks I was back in Holland in Maastricht. There I became very sick with pleuritis. I was taken to the hospital and was treated there very well and with love. I stayed there for half a year.

In camp I had had friends who had been at a Quakerschool in Ommen, in the east of the country. I wrote to the director of the school what I knew about these boys. They did not survive the camp. The managers of the school were German Quakers. English Quakers had opened the school in Holland to give an education in English to Jewish children from Germany and to children of foreign diplomats. The school director offered me to come to the school after I had recuperated to study for the Oxford School Certificate. This would enable me to study at an English or American university. I stayed there for a year, had a wonderful time and passed the examination.

In the meantime my girlfriend Adah came back from the United States to meet me again. I had got to know her at her parents' home in April 1940 during Pesach, one month before the war broke out



in Holland. My father and hers were cousins. On the 14th of May, the family escaped to England and a short time later they left for the United States. We corresponded regularly till December 1941 when America entered into the war. From then on I received once in a while a Red Cross letter from her. She studied agriculture in the U.S.A. to go to Palestine (Israel) as soon as this would be possible.

In connection with this, another thing happened to me in Monowitz. Adah wrote me a Red Cross letter to my address in Amsterdam in 1943. When the letter arrived, I was already in the concentration camp. The Gestapo forwarded the letter and it arrived in the camp Monowitz in the fall of 1944. I got an order to appear before the SS and the helper of the SS man (a prisoner) brought me to the SS quarters. He quieted me: "You don't have to be afraid. You have received a letter from the U.S.A." I reported myself: "Prisoner 151896 asks permission to enter." The first question was: "Who is Adah Polak?" "She is the daughter of a cousin of my father." The helper translated the letter. In it, Adah asked me if I wanted her to wait for me. Then the

SS man asked me: "Is that your lover, do you want to marry the girl? Don't you want to have healthy children? This would be a marriage within the family. Think deeply about that, you may answer the letter." It seemed to me very comical. In a camp where the intention was that we all would be killed, an SS man worried whether a Jew would bring healthy children in the world. I understood the man very well. I also had learned race knowledge and inheritance laws in school, just like him. I wrote back to Adah, but the letter never arrived. Too bad, it would have been an interesting document.

So, Adah came to Holland to meet me again. While still in the U.S.A., she had obtained a scholarship for me at a university. This was given by the Bnai Brit, a Jewish organization, which, among others, helped young people, who had been in concentration camps, to study.

We got married in Amsterdam in February 1947. We both knew that I wouldn't be able anymore to earn a living in agriculture. The work would be too heavy for me after all I had gone through. We came

to the conclusion that I should study something in which I could use what I had learned in the past years. We decided on Dairy Manufacturing.

We sailed to the U.S.A. and I was accepted at Michigan State University. I had wonderful time there. Most of the students were veterans of the American Army, mostly of my age. I studied and worked to get practical experience and to earn some extra money. I also went to summer school. I finished the courses of four years in two and a half years.

Very soon I got a good job in a dairy in Akron, Ohio. I learned a great deal there and both my employer and I were satisfied. After one and a half year we left the place to immigrate to Israel.

A short time before that, I met a director of the Tnuva, the biggest Israeli dairy manufacturing organization, who had offered me a post. For half a year I worked in a cheese factory in Israel to learn the Israeli methods of dairy production. After that I became the manager of a small dairy with thirty workers in Beit Hillel, a small, very primitive village

in Northern Galilee. In the private homes we had water from the water system in the morning and in the afternoon we had electricity till 11 o'clock in the evening. What was the reason for these arrangements? The village had only one Diesel machine, which could be used to produce electricity or to activate the water system. We had a water tank on the roof, so that we always had some running water.

Of course, in the dairy we did not have these difficulties. We pasteurized all the milk and from part of the milk we made white cheese and other sour cheese products, which we sold. The rest of the pasteurized and cooled milk we sent in milk tanker on a van to the big dairy in Haifa. After some years this system was abandoned. The milk was well cooled on the private farms and sent directly in tankers to Haifa. Technical improvement and our small dairy was closed.

I got the position of chief technologist in the large dairy in Tel Aviv. There I was active in the creation and production of new dairy

products such as yoghurt with fruits or the taste of fruits and different kinds of puddings. Also the production of different sour milk products, which could be kept edible for months through high temperature pasteurization, but without added tastes.

When we were still in Beit Hillel in 1956 the Sinai Campaign was fought by Israel, England and France against Egypt. I received a letter from Mr. Lawson, the owner of the dairy where I had worked in Akron. He asked if I had the intention to return to Akron. He added that he had a very good position for me in a new plant and that I could start work right away. I was very impressed, but I didn't accept the offer, because under all circumstances we wanted to remain in Israel. We never regretted the decision.

We came to Beith Hillel with one child, a two and a half year old boy. There we had two more children. The oldest son is a food technologist and the youngest has a farm in the Arava desert and exports different kinds of tomatoes. The daughter is a teacher.

At the age of 65, in the year 1986, I went on

pension and now I enjoy my free time. I sell insurances and take courses in Hebrew. I speak Hebrew well, but I make mistakes in writing and I wish to improve that. I took already courses in grammar and literature. Besides I will shortly begin a course at the University for Remembrance Improvement.

I, Adah, wish to add some details to Alfred's story.

In 1960 we moved to Ramat Gan and Alfred became the chief technologist in the large Tnuva dairy in Tel Aviv. Here he developed several dairy products, which are still in use today.

We lived in Ramat Gan for 43 years in a pleasant street in a small house with a big garden. The children grew up there, later the grandchildren stayed with us, we went to concerts and had many friends. We also did a lot of traveling, and not to forget, the daily swimming in Kfar Maccabiah.

Sad events happened, mother and also Fre, Edith's husband, passed away. Also happy events happened, the holidays, visits of relatives and friends from abroad, the children's weddings, and the birth of grandchildren.

In 2005 we moved to a parent's home in Kiryat Tivon. It was clear that we couldn't stay forever in our rather isolated street in Ramat Gan. Netaneel was living in Kiryat Tivon and Aliza not far from there, all points in favor. Yair lives further away, in the Arava, but visits often. As it turned out the living

in Kiryat Tivon has been most satisfactory and Alfred was happy here. He developed a talent for pottery and our apartment is full of his creations. Over the years he had developed a light case of dementia, but this did not disturb our living happily together. He died at the age of 95, having 10 grandchildren and 9 great grandchildren.

We all, I, children and grandchildren, remember him for his bright smile, his positive outlook on life and his humoristic-sarcastic remarks.